



[Private] still more *&%&^% gratitude



Chaz

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2008-07-17 09:36:00

MOOD: 😊 grateful, dammit

MUSIC: Fiona Apple - Extraordinary Machine

Second day back at work. Let's see if I can do this one without any panic attacks.

Harpy's right. I do feel a little better, physically. Or, no, that's not right. I still feel awful. But I can do more while feeling awful.

Interesting how fast you get used to not being in an office for hours on end. This stuff really isn't natural, yo. I'll adapt, though, and pretty soon I will be able to do eight, ten, fifteen hours standing on my head.

Okay, not literally standing on my head. That's still beyond my limited abilities.

Still working through how I feel about Daphs and T. getting married. Judging by the cowboy's face when the Harpy broke the news this morning, I wasn't the only one with a complicated response. But he cowboyed up, because he does. Poor Cowboy.

Still, you go on, right?

The knife is still sitting in its box on the counter in the teeny kitchen, though I did open the box. Small victories. Of course, now I'm avoiding going in there where I might see it. Gotta do something about that tonight.

And Duke brought in an apple pie for breakfast (okay, two: one for me and Hafs and one for everybody else), and the news that he's going to San Diego for Liz's wedding in August. Liz's wedding != Duke's wedding, however. He seems surprisingly okay with it, and apparently this has been building for for a while. He was rather crestfallen that Harpy showed up with a better story (Harpy FTW!), because you could kind of tell he was luring us down the garden path with the saga of Liz's ex-boyfriend from Ireland who came all

the way to America for her, and who could turn that down?

I wonder if it's true.

So if there's some kind of wedding contagion in the air, it's not directly WTF-related.

I wonder if there's anybody in the world who would follow me all the way to another country.

Dammit, be happy for her. It's not that hard. And it's not like she doesn't deserve it. Don't be a shitty friend. What's the thing the Cowboy says? "Think of what an asshole would do, and do something else?"

Yeah.

Massage therapy today, which has in its favor that it's better than PT. Nice day today too. I wonder if I feel up to a walk down to the Puerto Rican place for dinner. Haven't been there since Amarilis, but I'm unlikely to run into her on a Thursday night, and I kind of miss it.

And after dinner, train time. It has to be tonight, because Daphs and T. are having people over Friday.

I wonder where I'll wind up, what I'll learn that I wish I hadn't, tonight?

All right, kid, stop moping. Everybody else cowboys up. You can too. A death spiral is nobody's friend, and these files aren't going to scan themselves.

TAGS: the new normal

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.

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